

THONGS A LOT II: BIG BOOTY BOOGALOO

MAY 2021 REQUEST STORY

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Tamamo-no-Mae was on a warpath.

After the insult paid to her by Elizabeth Bathory, one she had blatantly misinterpreted when it was merely the girl returning underwear that had ended up mixed with her laundry, her diabolical and foxy mind had been working in overtime. Okay, perhaps her plan wasn't all that masterful. She'd more or less declared it aloud when Elizabeth's punishment had been dealt to her.

She was tired of being told she had a fat ass! The jokes had begun at Nero's behest, and so the ultimate punishment will be doled unto her. It simply wasn't anymore complicated than that, and her revenge would be both swift and satisfying, as Elizabeth Bathory the Blue Thong was currently experiencing as she straddled the fox's ass cheeks.

It was the dead of night now, and Tamamo had set herself up outside of Nero's private room. Was everything in order? It had to be for her plan to succeed. Take Nero by surprise, and then place the enchantment! From there? *Profit*. And so, the fox stormed through the door without invitation, the emperor inside merely getting ready for bed when Caster produced her epic battle cry.

“WHO HAS A FAT ASS NOW!?”

“...Pardon?” The moment Tamamo burst through the door, Nero was left with a very stunned expression upon her face. Even more so thanks to the uncannily unusual declaration she had made in the process. Perhaps she’d been laying into Tamamo too much as of late? But it had been from a place of teasing, not with the intent of making her feel bad. **“Caster? Are you of sound mind right now?”**

The smugness that Tamamo’s expression sported as she reached into her bosom and pulled out a talisman might as well have been palpable though. **“I-I got ahead of myself! Either way, it’s time to join Elizabeth, Saber!”** Ah, so it had been folly to say what she had? But what was that about joining Elizabeth? Such a strange thing to say.

Before she could force a query, however? The fox launched the paper talisman in her hand like a projectile, and it stuck to Nero’s forehead while glowing blue a moment. During that time, the emperor was utterly incapable of movement, but even once the glow had faded? She found her movements sloppy. Her body felt heavy. **“What did you...?”**

“Heeheehee!” The fox snickered mischievously while casually closing the gap between herself and her prey. Nero herself? She had no option but to watch as she was approached, for her body was feeling heavier and heavier, so much that it was difficult to keep herself upright. But even that ability was stolen from her by the Caster, who was quick to give the Saber a shove.

Nero fell backwards and landed on her butt, but Tamamo was not content with that. Before Saber’s very eyes, she slid her panties down to her ankles. **“Fox!? What are you doing!?”** Could this be some sort of kink play on her part? Since when had her intention shifted towards Nero in this way!?

“Quiet.” Tamamo crawled across the blonde in response, and silenced her not with a finger, but with the *weight of her ass*. The back of the emperor’s head hit the carpet of the floor as the Japanese woman’s cheeks squeezed around her mouth and nose. Gross! It was absolutely disgusted! Yet despite being a Servant with a much higher Strength stat, she couldn’t push her off!

The emperor was left flailing beneath the fox’s wait, arms rising and falling while she tried her best to make noise despite how gross it was to basically be trying to talk into Tamamo’s asshole. **“MMPH!? MMMMMMPH!?”**

Of course, Tamamo was loving every minute of it. **“What’s that? You’re wondering what I’m doing to you? Isn’t it obvious? I’m treating you to my fat ass! Well, that and making you a part of**

it. It's only fair, isn't it?" *Fair?* Even if such an outlandish statement was to be believed, how was that fair? A few jokes about having a fat butt results in a fate like that? How immoral was Caster, truly!? ...Well, she supposed she couldn't rightfully talk about morals.

But at first, she had been ready to take the pink-haired woman's words as hearsay. Surely a spell so devious and disgusting didn't truly exist? She was just being toyed with! She was just— "**MMPH!?**" Tamamo didn't say anything else, but she could tell that Nero felt it based on the fact that she was trying harder to pull her face away from her ass. But she couldn't. There was no way.

Because Nero's facial cheeks and Tamamo's butt cheeks had become bound to one another.

Eyes obscured wholly by ass, Saber couldn't really see this, but she could *feel* it. Honestly, it was a jarring sensation that could best be described as suddenly being able to sense a body part that wasn't your own. For the parts of the Caster's ass that were immediately bound to her cheeks? She could feel Tamamo's ass upon her face from both perspectives at the same time, which was unnerving.

Not as unnerving as the feeling of suction that soon followed, pulling her face closer to the fox's increasingly sweaty rear. She could feel the amply fluffy tail smacking against the top of her head in the process, adding to the discomfort of it all. And it was *all* discomforting.

Yet the strangeness of it all grew. Only her face had fused with the bouncy rear, yet her hands and feet had become beset with an undeniable numbness that was creeping up her limbs. Nero could not see the cause considering her facial circumstances, but from another perspective? Well, it was alarming.

Her hands and feet had melted inward, leaving her arms as mere stubs that continued to shrink towards her torso – pumping something up towards her face in the meantime. Nero's lips found themselves locked quite suddenly as a pressure built at her shoulders as whatever was flowing through her body gathered there, only for proverbial and literal floodgates to open, pushing the substance into the sacs of her cheeks that had melded with Tamamo's rear and spilling into the foxy woman's cheeks.

The more of this substance that was forced from Nero's body into Tamamo's rear, the more the feeling of that ass resonated with the Saber. Cheeks grew fuller, but to Nero? She felt as if she herself was filling up like a water balloon, which didn't really make sense. After all, there was noticeably less of her body.

The truth of the matter was both unbelievable and disgusting, but Tamamo had cast a curse upon Nero that was reworking her very existence to additional padding for her rear. Her limbs had already succumbed, and now her torso was pulling in on itself to keep the flow going, leaving naught but empty clothing in its absence. The stream of fluid, liquid fat that firmed up once more upon becoming one with the Tama-ass, continued as her own ass was absorbed, and before her tits emptied as well.

On the other hand, Caster's ass was swelling to an almost grotesque sizing. It had practically doubled in girth by the time only the Saber's head remained, and the cheeks had quite plainly grown to the point that the little, blonde head was completely muffled beneath it. Nero could feel every quiver and jiggle of the other woman's butt at this point, as well as the feeling of sweat beads dripping down its sides. It was as if the butt was her own.

No... More like the butt was *all* she was.

Her vision blurred and eventually blackened entirely, leaving Nero entirely unaware of what was happening for a brief moment. She felt strangely full and content, but she also felt her weight just dangling there. It all became clear when her vision was restored in a very peculiar way – as if she had eyes, but she could see in multiple directions at the same time, almost as if these eyes were curving around something.

Because despite all that had happened and all she felt, Saber had yet to come to terms with the reality that she'd just become another woman's butt. She had no choice to, though, for one gigantic hand suddenly slapped one side of her, while the other was fondled by gigantic fingers. **“How does it feel, Saber? Bet you're thinking about how much of an ass you've made of yourself! Heeheehee!”**



The assimilation complete, Tamamo finally rose from the floor so that she might admire herself in a nearby mirror. **“More like ‘who is the fat ass now’, I guess!”** But it wasn't like Nero had been robbed of her consciousness. She could feel the jiggling of her form with every

step, taste every bead of sweat that dripped down the skin of the rump that she wholly *was*. When Tamamo put a leg forward, one half of her existence rose, only to drop while the other half rose when she took another step. She could feel the warmth of the fox's buttocks, but that also meant if she were to pass gas...

Well, Nero didn't want to think about *that*.

Tamamo spun around and pushed her ass outward. But with all of the extra weight? Her ass looked fatter than ever, almost to the point that she found it unappealing. For Nero, on the other hand? It was her first opportunity to get a look at herself. A thick and jiggly booty without a name to speak of. A fox's big dumper. Destined to be sat upon, to bounce around, and to pass... gross things. Was there a way for her to reverse this? There had to be, right!? What if she—

'WAH!?'

Before she could finish that thought, Tamamo gave one of her cheeks a firm slap to observe how it moved. **"Ugh, it's way too thick. Maybe I should have had my revenge in a different way? Oh well! Let's just slip Elizabeth on and be on our way! I'll figure it out tomorrow!"** And so, the dragon-thong was slid back up Caster's legs, her form struggling to strap to the thick, Nero ass.